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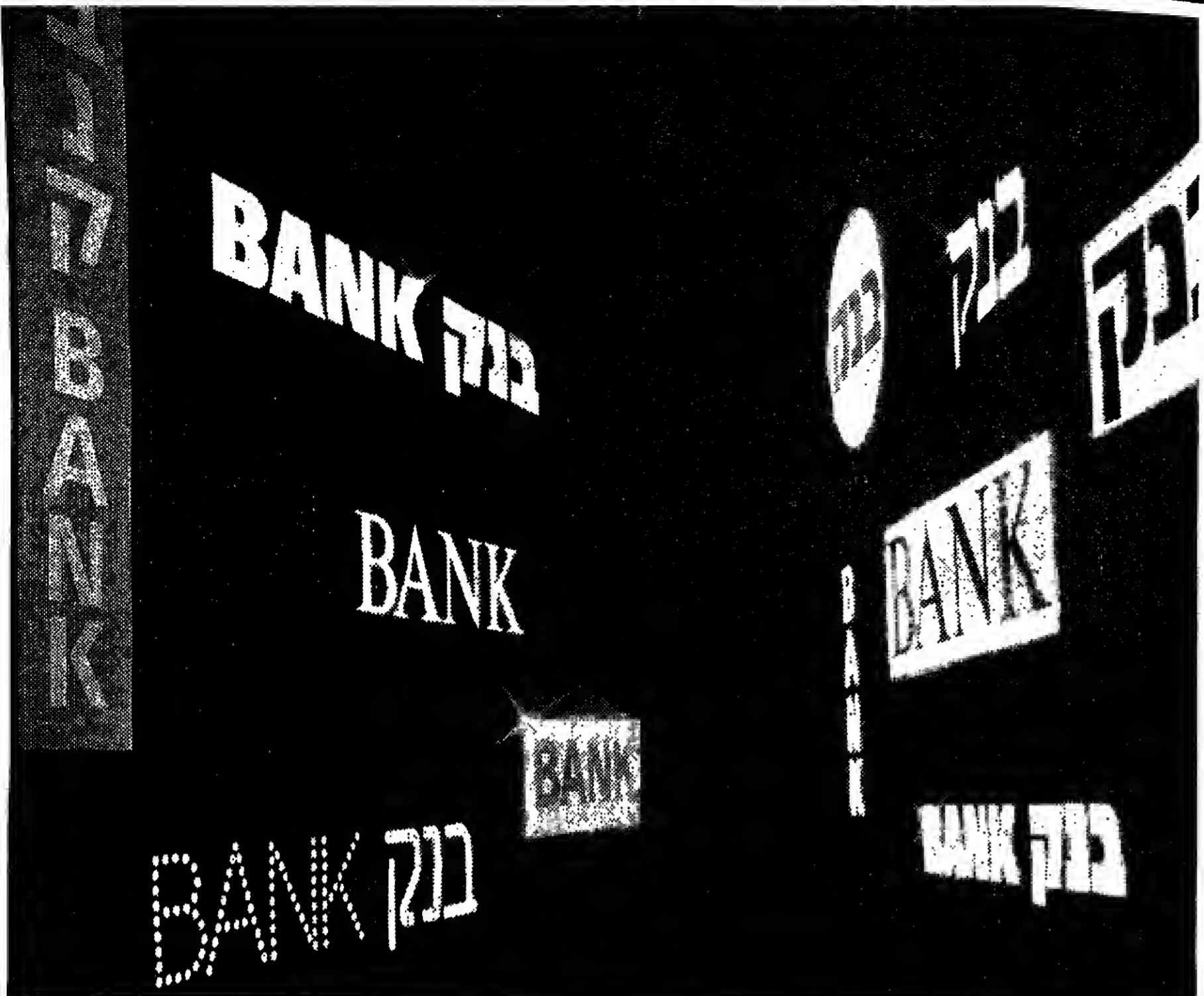
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MAGAZINE
Friday, May 4, 1979

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FIAT

In this issue



On the cover: The homecoming Prisoners of Zion at Bell Hanaas on Independence Day. From left, front: Hillel Dufman, Friedel Noyon, Boris Ferson, Eduard Kusnizov; back: Mark Dimschitz, Arya (Leib) Khnokh, Ze'ov (Wolf) Zalmanson, Anatoly Altman. (David Rubinger).

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סוכן מן האוכל

California scheming

There are now an estimated 70,000 Israeli emigrants in Los Angeles — and their number is growing rapidly. In the first of two articles, *The Jerusalem Post's* JOAN BORSTEN describes how they get to the metropolis, on America's West Coast, and what they do to stay there after they've arrived. Photographs by Ann Summa.



Los Angeles' Polaris Avenue used to resemble New York's Lower East Side. It now looks more like Tel Aviv.

consider degrading at home. They soon discover that America's streets are not paved with gold, but they also learn that if they log long hours, they can quickly accumulate enough money to buy a stereo and a gas-guzzling American jalopy. The city's incredible wealth and insatiable materialism spur them on, enable them to tolerate the youth worship, the liberated women, the militant gay, the Hillel Strangler, the hamburger stands that look like Japanese temples, and the smog.

Through a dozen shady plays, the Israelis eventually legalize their status and apply for citizenship — something they were loth to do in the late 60s, when American males were being drafted to fight in Vietnam. The antic embarrassment the Jewish establishment and make Israeli envoys cringe; the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service is unconcerned.

"You make it sound like there has been an enormous invasion of Israelis," chuckled an INS official. "Even if there were 200,000 living in Los Angeles, it wouldn't be a problem. They're a drop in the bucket. According to middle-range estimates, something like one quarter of Mexico's adult population is living and working illegally in California and Texas and more are crossing the border every day.

"It's true the Israelis use all sorts of devious means to acquire citizenship, but at least they become legal. They know how to get a Social Security card, how to arrange a Green Card marriage, how to buy a Green Card. I wish the Mexicans did. Believe me, if every other group were as clever as you Israelis, my job would be much easier. Don't quote me by name on that."

UNLIKE THEIR counterparts in New York, many of whom drive taxis and some of whom are rumored to collect welfare, LA's established Hebrew-speaking community is predominantly middle class. As the hardworking Jews, Orientals, Armenians, refugees from the East Coast and Okies from the Dust Bowl discovered before them, America's glamorous western capital is a pain-ridden cauldron of opportunity. The right combination of talent, luck, diligence, and *chutzpa* guarantees almost anyone a mortgaged ranch-style house, two cars, a savings account and an annual vacation.

From Westchester to Sepulveda, from Santa Monica to Watts, there are Israeli-owned businesses, gift stores, beauty parlours, export-import firms, gas stations, travel agencies, real estate offices, car repair shops, and boutiques. A surprising number of emigrants can be found on Hollywood backlots where they work, union card in hand, as studio technicians, gaffers (electricians), and cameramen.

There is a sprinkling of doctors and surgeons, a group of scientists and engineers whose expertise is so specialized they cannot find work in Israel. Others are professional Jews, who sell Israel at Bond meetings and United Jewish Appeal functions. Some are teachers of religion and Hebrew at the private day-schools run by the three synagogue movements. This is a profession much in demand since the U.S. Supreme Court has sided assimilated Jews "discover their roots" by ruling that the children of well-to-do suburbanites can be bused to Black ghettos and

(Continued overleaf)

(Continued from page 5)

Chicano barrios if they want a publicly-financed education.

THE ISRAELIS live on the fringe of LA's almost half-million-strong Jewish community. They patronize Israeli restaurants, folk dance at Doni Daasa's Cafe Dance, fill the Wilshire Evelt Theatre for Hava Alberstein or the Hassidic Song Festival, read Maoriv and Yediot, follow the Israeli soccer scores, and have mostly Hebrew-speaking friends. They vacation not in Acapulco and Hawaii but in Tel Aviv.

Those great institutions that helped to speed the process of integration for so many European refugees, the city's numerous Reform and Conservative synagogues, are foreign to them. The predominantly secular Israelite feel no need to pray, especially in English, and are uncomfortable with the country-club aspects of California-style Judaism.

Along with synagogues, the Israelite also avoid another well-established Diaspora tradition: the buying of Bonds and the pledging of money to the UJA. "Maybe because we know the deficiencies of the system," says one armchair philosopher, who filters his contributions directly into his relatives' pockets. "More likely because they still consider themselves the type of Jew who fights with an Uzi, and not with a checkbook," says a Welfare Fund official.

And except for Yom Haatzma'ut, when a horde of emigrants, children in tow, join Jewish activists for a rowdy Independence Day picnic at Rancho Park, LA's Hebrew-speaking residents boycott most programmes, marches, protests and demonstrations sponsored by the local Federation.

ONLY A HANDFUL of financially successful emigrants have been assimilated into the ranks of LA's wealthiest, most upwardly mobile minority: Universal Studios vice-president Rafi Etkes; millionaire contractor Yona Goldrich; bank owner Ian Bender; advertising mogul Nathan Peleg; real estate developer Jerry Oren. They join synagogues, contribute to congressional and presidential campaigns, and buy Bonds like the richest Jewish fat cats. Like LA's Israeli "personallities" — Yemenite singer Hedva, character actor Nlaky (Nehemia) Percoff, Foreign Press Association president Judy Solomons — they are courted by the consulate. Yet they cling to an all-Israeli division of the UJA and a Hebrew-speaking lodge of the B'nai B'rith.

"It's hard to be an Israeli-American," admits a UJA fundraiser who wishes to remain anonymous because he is a former World Zionist Organization shakah, an emicary who never went home.

Unlike LA's most visible new hyphenates, the Vietnamese-Americans, Korean-Americans, Thai-Americans, Lebanese-Americans and Iranian-Americans, the Israeli-Americans have never quite come to terms with their decision to abandon "the homeland."

The community's common denominators are guilt and a hatred of the word yored, a label as derogatory in Hebrew as expatriate is glamorous in English. Almost without exception, the Israelite of Los Angeles are going home after a) one more university degree; b) saving another \$10,000; c) a few more years' work experience; d) the children have finished elementary school/junior



Actor Aharon Ipale played Joseph Lavetta in Universal Studio's recent TV mini-series "The Immigrants." (Right) The Israeli owner of a Jafelaf stand on Pacific Avenue.



high/high school/university, e) enjoying the grandchildren for a while.

The stigma attached to living abroad while friends and family do the "dirty work" of building a Jewish state is the Achilles heel of its even the toughest, most callous gold-digger.

The day after I arrived in Los Angeles, my kid brother dropped by with Shalom, a tall, pockmarked Yemenite he had befriended in a Sunset Strip pool hall.

"What are you doing here?" I ask politely, trying to make conversation while fighting off jet lag.

"What do you have against yordim?" he snapped defensively.

The teenage son of a religious Hebrew-school teacher, a divorcee who came to LA two years ago for a "breath of fresh air," described emotionally how the B'nai Akiva shakah had rejected his application to be a summer camp counsellor.

"I told him I was not here by choice. I told him I was going back for the army. I told him what I'd been doing for Soviet Jewry. He told me a yored can't promote aliya."

LA'S JEWISH activists have a love-hate relationship with the Israelite. They hire them: the head of the local Bonds organization is a Cyed-in-the-wool emigrant, as are many policy-makers at the Federation, American Zionist and his pregnant wife attended a Youth Foundation, the UJA, and email, intimate, off-the-record the Friends of the various univer-

get-together at the home of

Adina and Ian Bender — former kibbutzniks who now own a bank.



stitutions. They profit from their presence: Impresario Harvey Tennenbaum makes a living bringing Israeli entertainers to Los Angeles, and media baron Phil Blazer devotes much of his weekly radio and TV programmes to Hebrew songs and newscasts.

They wish them well, agreeing that every Jew should have the right to live where he pleases. And they hope they will all vanish one day. Not only are the immigrants a deterrent to aliya and fundraising; they spoil the Diaspora ideal of the Israelite by working on Yom Kippur and marrying out.

The consulate, embarrassed by the influx, simply ignores the existence of the tens of thousands who never sign the army's reserve duty roster, writing them off as ne'er-do-wells who shouldn't be encouraged to return to Israel. Aliya strategists admit that emigrants are probably this country's best source of future immigration, yet Yitshak Rabin's declaration that "yordim are deserters" still reflects most accurately the attitude of the not-efficient majority. When the LA Jewish Federation organized a group of patriotic Israeli-born teenagers into a Hebrew-speaking chapter of Israel Scouts, neither an official blessing nor much-needed funding could be mustered.

LAST SPRING, a young engineer and his pregnant wife attended a Youth Foundation, the UJA, and email, intimate, off-the-record the Friends of the various univer-

get-together at the home of

Israel-born lawyer. The speaker was MK Assaf Yaguri, sent by the Begin administration to study yerida, and to wave a tiny mortgage and some new customs exemptions at those who planned to return home in time for the State's 30th anniversary.

"They don't really want us back," complained the engineer. "They are not offering us anything realistic. A low-paying job with a government-owned, bureaucracy-ridden firm and a flat in a development town. We own a three-bedroom house in the Valley now, mortgaged to be sure, and two cars. I have a challenging job and the promise of advancement."

"Maybe I could do without the car, but I must be able to buy a flat where I can find comparable employment and that is only in the big cities. As much as I'd like to raise my kids in Israel, I'm beginning to think that it just isn't possible."

FOR ADINA BENDER, a plump, good-natured red-head in her early 40s, emigration was not even a possibility when she arrived in Los Angeles as a student 20 years ago.

"I remember buying only appliances that would fit into a small Israeli kitchen," says the sabra from Tel Aviv, who met her husband Ian when they were both in Nahal, and married him on kibbutz. "Our generation wasn't like those Israelites coming now, older couples with older children who are running away from a hard life

and army service. We weren't against anything. We just wanted to get an education, and look what happened. Now it's hard to go back. We own a company that coats electrical pipes in plastic and, with six partners, the West Valley Bank in Tarzana.

"Many of our generation have returned. Each time the government offered easier terms, a few more went back. We tried several times, too, but never found a way to transfer the business."

The Benders today live in Encino, the Valley's poshest, richest neighbourhood, a predominantly Jewish suburb of large houses furnished by expensive interior decorators and tended by live-in Mexican maids, with private pools and manicured green lawns.

Wives spend their days shopping, coffee-kitching, and carpooling their offspring to school, dancing, swimming, singing, modelling and art lessons. Husbands work long hours as lawyers, doctors and businessmen, commuting to downtown LA or Beverly Hills in German sports cars. Friday nights are reserved for the family or for Rabbi Harold Schulweis, who regularly draws 2,000 congregants to his conservative Beth Shalom synagogue. Saturdays and Sundays are spent sailing at the Marina.

SITTING in her bright, electric kitchen, munching on a bagel, describing their *haviva*, a close-knit group of synagogue families who meet for the Holy Days and Bible study, and the problems of teenage interfaith dating ("I never let my kids go out with Christians"), Adina could be any Encino Jewish housewife.

Her living-room is a compromise between classical reproductions and Chaim Gross/Mark Chagall-style prints. She wears designer jeans, a simple blouse, gold chains, modest diamond and sapphire rings. On the coffee table are art books, the Los Angeles Times, Newsweek, and Time — all of which she regularly scans for Jewish names — the B'nai B'rith Messenger and the Jewish National Monthly. She joined the synagogue so her kids could go to Hebrew schools, call her annual donation to the UJA "Jewish tax," and vote Democrat.

"America and Israel," she sighs. It's like trying to choose your favourite family member. One is your wife, the other your mother.

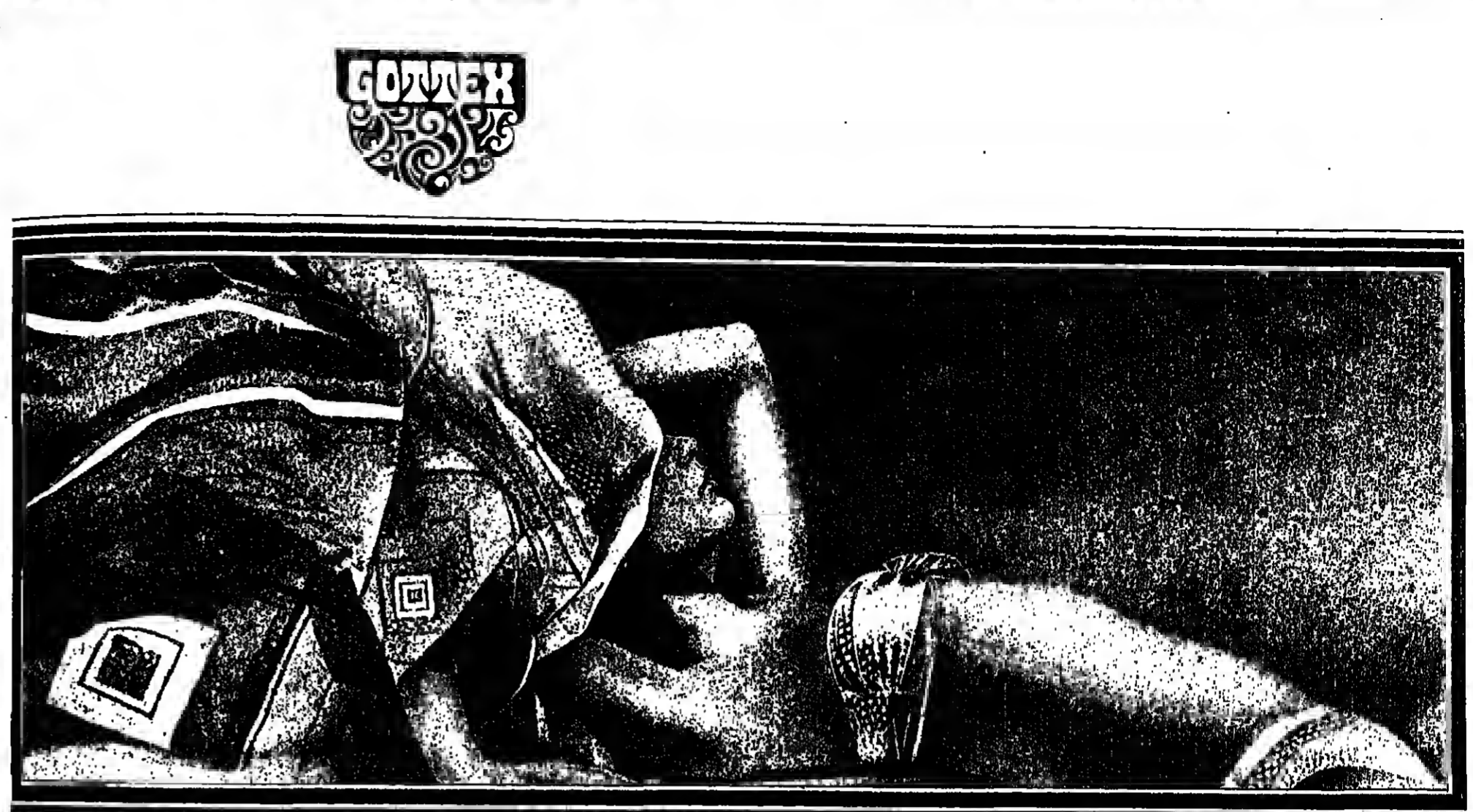
"We are Americans, our kids are American. I already know Gili, the oldest, won't be going home for the army. How could he? It would mean putting off university till he's 21. Our second son is interested, though."

"But I believe that once an Israeli, always an Israeli. We're proud of who we are. We gave our children Hebrew first names and no middle names. When we decided to stay here, we considered changing Bender to Ben Dor, to emphasize our Israeliness. Ian and I still speak only Hebrew to each other."

"And I think we do a service for Israel. We make a good impression, speak favourably about the country, never criticize the government in public. People look up to us."

"But like so many of our friends, we feel guilty. I say that from my heart. *Magiya Ti* — I deserve it — when people call me a yoredet. I still think we might go back some day, when the children are established and on their own. There's no reason why not."

(The first of two articles)



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הכרזה מן האוכל

Little room for delight

Events of the last decade — persistent internal unrest, shaky relations with the West and with its former Arab subjects, the Russians and the Greeks just across the borders — have produced a cataclysmic change in the Turkish political psyche. Jerusalem Post Diplomatic Correspondent DAVID LANDAU, who visited Turkey last month, reports.



AN ISRAELI visiting Ankara these days, and discussing Turkey's strategic situation with officials and politicians there, inevitably feels — if he is at all sensitive — an unwanted, but acute, embarrassment.

Here are the Turks, a vast and proud nation of 44 million, a bulwark of democracy, NATO's eastern fortress against the Soviets, having veritably to beg for the odd extra \$100m. in American military aid. And there is little Israel, so small by comparison, juggling with the billions in loans and grants being showered upon it from Washington (and still complaining that there isn't enough).

"It's all very well for you," the Turks say, with envy. "You've got your lobby and your influence on Capitol Hill. But we — we have nothing. And the Greeks are ascendant only to you in promoting their own cause, and prejudicing that of their adversaries."

There were joyous banner headlines in Ankara a fortnight ago, when the U.S. administration indicated that it would seek Congressional approval for an additional \$200m. in aid to Turkey; additional, that is, to the annual \$300m. in military aid restored last September with the lifting of the arms embargo after four-and-a-half long years. But for the Israeli visitor in Ankara it was an additional embarrassment: President Carter proposed to tack on the extra sum for Turkey to the huge aid package earmarked for Israel and Egypt, and in that way slip it through the Congress.

THE HUGE Turkish army, at 600,000 men the biggest in NATO after America's, is straining its cash resources to refurbish its fleet of Korean War-vintage M-47 tanks with diesel engines, new cannon and radar sights. The air force is slowly acquiring a complement of 80 F-4 Phantom warplanes. Meanwhile, Israel is beginning to think of phasing out its F-4s and is literally generations ahead in armour, artillery, anti-tank and anti-aircraft weapons.

And yet Turkey — and not Israel — is a member of NATO. In the north-east, across an almost unpop-

ulated border region, Turkey faces untold phalanxes of Russian troops. In the north-west (Thrace), there is the much more easily passable Bulgarian border, where Warsaw Pact armies could

mass to strike down at the Bosphorus. To the south, though this is not ostensibly a NATO concern, there are Iraq and Syria, purportedly set on a merger course, oom-

manding between them more than 2,000 tanks and 700 modern warplanes — that same potential juggernaut which Premier Begir never tires of warning against. And to the east there is Iran, out of

whose turmoil might emerge new dangers for Turkey. Beyond the embarrassment, then, at this paradoxical disparity in military might and political good fortune, the Israeli is — or should be — beset by real concerns. He should feel it both as a citizen of the Free World, of which Turkey is a vital part, and as a citizen of a friendly, regional country. (Turkey is the only Moslem country — not counting Egypt — with which Israel has diplomatic ties.)

Nor is the immediate cause for concern only, or even chiefly, the run-down condition of Turkey's military machine. For, in large measure, that itself is merely a reflection of the massive economic malaise that threatens to engulf the ecologist. And some would say that the economic malaise, in turn, is the product of the debilitating political weakness that has crippled the country for years. Neither Bulent Ecevit (of the leftist Republican Peoples Party) nor Suleiman Demirel (of the conservative Justice Party), the two rival leaders whose personal hatred is the fuel which drives Ankara's French-Fourth-Republic politics, has proved able to establish a firm and credible government.

The instability of the political mainstream has fermented the terrorist violence on both extremes of the spectrum. There is a daily toll in life and limb.

THIS SIMMERING anarchy, coupled with — in the opinion of many informed Turks — some energetic subversion from the north, has fanned the embers of ethnic separatism in outlying regions. Most ominously, there are rumblings among the Kurdish areas in the less-developed east of the country. These stirrings are closely connected with the desultory Kurdish struggle across the Iraqi border, and the recent unrest among Iran's Kurds.

There are more Kurds in Turkey than in Iran and Iraq combined. Millions of them are fully integrated into mainstream Turkish society. But millions more still retain their distinct language and cultural identity.



(Top) Kilometer-long suspension bridge spans the Bosphorus and links Europe and Asia. (Above) Arrests and political violence are a chronic Turkish problem. (Below) Villagers in southern Turkey husk corn after harvest.



Their inchoate threat to national unity is perhaps the most pressing preoccupation of policymakers in Ankara.

To top it all, the Turks seem to have a facility for allowing their problems to trap them in vicious circles, which they clearly perceive but nevertheless do nothing to break out of.

Thus, for instance, Turkish leaders are aware that the Greeks' obsessive fear of attack from Turkey is a fact, not an act. It is that fear which inspires Greece's highly effective lobbying through the Greek-American community in the U.S. And yet the Turks cannot bring themselves to take demonstrative steps to allay the concern of their small western neighbour. They ridicule the Greeks' fears of Turkish invasion — and yet they themselves, even the most urbane and sophisticated of them, speak with the utmost seriousness of Greece's territorial claims and dark designs against Turkey.

(That, indeed, is part of the reason for American parsimony in supplying arms, even now that the Congressional embargo has been lifted. The Turks, for instance, persistently demand a "balanced air force" (meaning bombers as well as interceptors), justifying it by their "regional responsibilities." But it does not take much pressing to elicit that they want bombers because the Greeks have bombers. And it is precisely that reason that the U.S. is reluctant to supply them.)

THE CONSTANT and vociferous complaints by all national leaders at NATO and Western intransigence towards Turkey is



(Above) Premier Bulent Ecevit. (Below) Suleiman Demirel.



blended, of course, to obtain more generous support from the richer allies. But the effect is, at the same time, to embitter public opinion against the West — a sentiment which could prove dangerously volatile if economic and social conditions deteriorated nationally. And yet the complainants continue and IMF conditions for new Western loans are portrayed as a humiliation.

The conclusion in Iran may have been Turkey's lucky break, paradoxical though it seems. It has spurred a new awareness in Turkey of its plight — and Turkey's strategic importance. The Western media, never much interested in the slumbering giant of Asia-Minor, suddenly bestirred themselves to search for a Turkish Khomineh. Their headlines have already realised

that any comparison with neighbouring Iran is facile. Turkey's secularism is too strongly enshrined to succumb to a sudden wave of religious fundamentalism. But at the same time, the complexity of Turkey's problems, and the urgency of their solution, seem to have made an impact on Western public opinion — and not a moment too soon.

BUT WHATEVER the measure of new Western magnanimity, there will be no returning now for Turkey to its comfortable, soporific, but anachronistic Cold War cocoon. The Congressional arms embargo was a belated and rude awakening, and it prodded Ankara to look outwards, no longer only in the direction of the West.

Ecevit signed a Declaration of Friendship and Cooperation in Moscow last year. And his foreign minister, Gunduz Okcun, is assiduously cultivating Ankara's ties with the Third World/non-aligned nations, not least for their voting support when the Cyprus or Aegean questions are brought up at the UN.

Similarly (and simultaneously), the oil crisis has forced the Turks to revise radically their traditionally contemptuous attitude towards the Arab world they formerly ruled.

There was always a "special relationship" with the Libyans, one of the few peoples not to have revolted against the Ottoman Empire (it was the Italians who drove the Turks out of Libya). Now the relationship is poetically blooming. Ecevit paid an official visit to Tripoli recently, and premier Jalloud is soon to reciprocate, bringing with him the best wishes of Col. Gaddafi (though diplomatic sources say he is unlikely to bring the dollars that the Turks hope will come with the wishes).

The Saudi Arabian finance minister was in Ankara a fortnight ago and signed an agreement to lend Turkey \$250m. for special projects.

The ties with Iraq are particularly close — because of the common Kurdish problem. The Turkish chief of staff and the chief of internal security have made separate visits to Baghdad in the last few weeks.

But with Iraq, and even more so with Syria, the friendship is still tempered with a goodly measure of wariness. Both countries are taken into account, in Turkey's strategic thinking, as potential foes, either in terms of Soviet surrogates or in strictly regional conflicts. Syria is still formally bound under its constitution to wreathe the Alexandretta region of the Mediterranean littoral from Turkey. And the fact that the Tigre and the Euphrates rise in Turkey is a potential source of discord between Ankara and Baghdad.

ALL IN ALL, though, Turkey's new respect for the Arabs represents a cataclysmic change in the political psyche of the nation (and just goes to show what oil and money can do). Inevitably, these burgeoning relationships with some of the most extremist Arab states must be accompanied by appeals and pressures, in the name of Moslem solidarity, for a change of heart towards Israel.

Turkish officials concede that such persuasion is exerted, but they maintain that their own firmness quickly discourages it. (Lévy's London recently visited Turkey on behalf of "The New Republic.")

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SUNDAYS:
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8:00 p.m. — Folk Dancing

MONDAYS:
May 7 & May 21: 8:00 p.m. — Film Club
May 14 & May 28: 8:00 p.m. — Social Dancing (over 40)

TUESDAYS:
May 8: 8:00 p.m. — Irgun Olai Holland — Programme in Dutch
May 15 & May 29: 8:00 p.m. — A.A.C.I.
May 22: 8:00 p.m. — Hitahdut Olai Britania

WEDNESDAYS:
8:00 p.m. — Folk Dancing
9:00 p.m. — VIP SINGLES GROUP OF ISRAEL 40-55
May 9 — "From Peace Treaty to Peace" — Ms. Annette Gulesin
May 16 — American Country and Folk Songs — Daisy Newell
May 23 — "The Creation of the Diaspora Museum" — Curator of Beth Hateretoth

THURSDAYS:
May 20 — Social Evening
9:30 p.m. — VIP SINGLES GROUP OF ISRAEL — under 40
May 27 — General Meeting: Social Evening with Dancing
May 31 — Social Evening with Dancing
May 31 — Sally Horowitz: "My Early Days in Israel"

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ppp
Israel film archive - jerusalem

4.5	14.00	Jesus Christ Superstar — Norman Jewison
5.5	10.50	The Taming of the Shrew — Zeffirelli
	21.50	Amarcord — Fellini
7.5	15.00	A Midsummer Night's Dream — Reinhardt, Dietzle
	01.40	Kings of the Road — Wim Wenders
8.5	10.00	Marathon screening of Israeli Shorts
10.5	16.00	Diabele Manthe — David Byrne
	21.00	Lenny — Bob Fosse

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Jerusalem Spring Festival 1979

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هكذا من الأصل

THE THIRD largest Jewish diaspora in the world, which has undergone remarkable growth in stature and self-confidence in the past few years, is today in a state of uneasy watchfulness.

Following a notorious interview with former Vichy official Louis Darquier de Pellepoix in *Express* last October, the 700,000 strong Jewish community in France has been an almost daily subject of discussion in the media and at times the target of neo-Nazi groups.

The war of words broke out when the former Vichy commissioner for Jewish affairs claimed that the Holocaust was a Jewish invention.

This blatant provocation was followed in quick succession by the revelation that French Television had refused to screen the programme *Holocaust*, by a reversal of that decision, by the publication in the prestigious *Le Monde* of an article by a neo-Nazi professor "proving" the non-existence of Hitler's gas chambers, and by numerous meetings, colloquia and debates in the media involving oboist ministers and even the general secretary of the French Communist Party.

And in recent weeks, a bomb injured more than 30 Jewish students in a kosher cafeteria in Paris (the first deliberate attempt to kill Jews in post-World War II France), and half a dozen synagogues were either burned or desecrated.

But although France's Jews have had to contend since soon after the 1967 war with the shock of General de Gaulle's quasi-anti-Semitic speech (which broke a post-World War II taboo), and with the unfriendly policy towards Israel of successive governments, as well as occasional assassinations of dual loyalty, they are becoming more and more assertive of their rights to express fully their national ethos and to strengthen their ties with Israel.

THE INTERVIEW in *L'Express* reopened a plethora of issues related to the "Jewish question," and the aftershocks have yet to subside.

Headlined, "Only Lice Were Gassed in Auschwitz," the interview with the 86-year-old de Pellepoix, who lives in exile in Madrid, provoked an immediate and unusually vigorous debate over the propriety of a respectable journal providing a forum for the unrepentant views of a major war criminal.

Critics of *L'Express* accused the weekly of opening its pages to a man who defiled the memory of the dead. Others pointed out that it was time to re-examine the past and that many of those still in power today held positions in the Vichy government, the only government in Europe which collaborated massively with the German occupation forces.

However, none of the many articles on the subject pinpoints the aspect of the "Darquier Affair" that has probably disturbed the foes of anti-Semitism even more than the flood of abuse and the denial of Nazi crimes.

For those familiar with the history of French anti-Semitism and aware that its traces, far from insignificant, remain deeply ingrained in the popular consciousness, some of Darquier's anti-Semitic utterances — remarkably coherent for a supposedly decrepit man — could only cause apprehension.

Woven into his replies to the interviewer were numerous "truths" about the Jewish

UGLY ECHOES

The 700,000-strong French Jewish community is on edge after a rash of anti-Semitic statements and acts. And while there are historic reasons for the discomfort, there are also some reassuring signs. HENRY WEINBERG explains.



Old French view of The Jew. At top, the Jew is shown to start wandering as Jesus is taken to Calvary. At bottom right, burghers talk to the Jew.

character. They were the kind of remarks which in one form or another appear to be accepted by many in a country where intellectual and ideological ferment has been heavily permeated with anti-Semitic sentiment since at least the latter half of the 19th century.

A close reading of the interview reveals that it constitutes a compendium of classically anti-Semitic canards on Jewish behaviour and Jewish character traits: "This is the way the Jews are. They must always lie"; "They will do anything to obtain some pity"; "That is the way the Jews are, they are ready to do anything to gain some publicity for their cause."

Darquier also plays on the widespread French xenophobia: "These foreigners... who were at the source of our troubles"; "those Jews who come to us from everywhere and anywhere." At times he more crudely echoes the thesis of Jewish domination from the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*: "The Jews have only one idea in their heads... you know it full well, to make Jerusalem the capital of the world."

The tone of Darquier's remarks is paternalistic and pedagogical. He sets himself up as a wise patriarch addressing a misguided and inexperienced audience

which has been "taken in" by the Jews.

Thus, although it contains exaggerations and lies that are evident to most adult Frenchmen, the interview constitutes a lecture on the Jews for the benefit of a young generation unencumbered by the skeletons in their parents' closets and brought up on a heavy dose of left-wing "anti-Zionism." Moreover, the anti-Semitic clichés, reproduced in the largest circulation weekly, fell on ears that have been exposed to numerous literary works, some of them written by major figures in French letters, containing an anti-Semitic depiction of the Jewish character.

A QUICK SURVEY of 19th- and 20th-century French literature reveals that many of the most important authors were to some extent anti-Semitic.

And to the writers of pure fiction must be added some of the foremost modern exponents of racist theories: Gobineau, Drumont and Maurras.

The inhuman, cold-blooded and parasitic Jewish banker is eternalized in the novels of Balzac, Maupassant, Bourget and even Emile Zola, the great defender of Captain Dreyfus. With a few variations, the Jew is portrayed

as a shifty cosmopolitan, cleverly manipulating the Gentiles through his "innate talent" for finance and his single-minded quest for money. Such a Jew does not hesitate to ruin his rivals, to cause misfortune to impoverished families, and at times even to his own, if they present an obstacle to his pursuit of riches and fame.

For a period of about 20 years following the publication of Edouard Drumont's *La France Juive*, in 1886, an unending flood of anti-Semitic material rolled off the printing presses. Drumont's vituperative best-seller, which prepared the climate for the Dreyfus affair, called, 30 years before *Mein Kampf*, for the removal of Jews from society.

The book was followed by dozens of anti-Semitic novels, plays and newspapers with such titles as *L'Anti-Juif*. Many of the novels were immediately translated into German and no doubt contributed to the intensification of anti-Jewish sentiment in pre-Hitler Germany.

In the 20th century, such Major literary figures as Bernanos, Giraudoux and Céline were anti-Semites. Céline's *Bagatelles pour un massacre*, published in 1938 is comparable only to *La France Juive* and *Mein Kampf* in its blind, insane hatred of Jews.

THE ROLE played by the Vichy government in the internment and deportation of 80,000 Jews to death camps is only now beginning to emerge fully. Recently disclosed documents show that, on more than one occasion, the eagerness of French officials surpassed even that of Eichmann's deputies.

After the war, the collaborationist police and magistracy never underwent a purification process, and some high officials continued to hold senior posts.

Such is the case of Jean Legay, the deputy of the secretary of state for police affairs in the Vichy government. Directly involved in the roundup of Jews from 1942 to 1944, Legay was sent on an official mission to the U.S. in 1946 and has since held various top executive posts in well-known corporations.

Only the unsparring efforts of Serge and Beate Kiarfeld resulted in Legay's indictment a few weeks ago.

NOTWITHSTANDING today's French Jewish community, more than half of which is of North African origin, is the most dynamic and self-assertive in Europe. Less apprehensive about accusations of dual loyalty than in the past, it closely identifies in its great majority with Israel.

Jewish educational and cultural institutions are thriving, although France, like the U.S., is not exempt from a growing rate of intermarriage. The prominence of Jews in political life (the popular minister of health, Simone Veil, is Jewish), and in the influential intellectual world (Raymond Aron, Nathalie Sarraute, Vladimir Jankelevitch and so on) has no doubt contributed to strengthening the status of the community.

Jews are also prominent in the media, the academic world, com-



From top: Balzac, de Maupassant, Zola: unflattering portraits of Jews.

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CASTROL MOTOR OIL CRB



CASTROL, the world-renowned company has recently developed a new oil, CASTROL CRB, especially suited for Volkswagen, Audi and Mercedes engines. CASTROL CRB is a new engine oil, containing special additives to prolong the engine's life, and excelling in prevention of sediments. CASTROL CRB is a good resistant against possible infiltration of water from the cooling system. It protects the "cold" and "hot" engine in "Bumper to Bumper" travel.

CASTROL CRB is manufactured in two grades: SAE-30 and SAE-40, and is classified according to U.S. standards as an API-SE/CC oil, suitable for gasoline and diesel engines. CASTROL, the producers of GTX - offer you now another quality product CASTROL CRB.

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הכזא מן האצל

ENTERTAINMENT

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALICHEMIM - Pop musical in English, based on the book of Ruth. **TEL AVIV** - (Little Theatre, 30 Tel Aviv Ave.) Wednesday at 11.35 p.m., Thursday at 9 p.m., Friday at 8 p.m.

THE GIOVOCIE TRIVIERE - Film (Italy) directed by Vittorio de Sica, Little Theatre, Tuesday at 9 and 8.50 p.m.

POKMONO - (Lama Bar and Canteen) Third Floor, Little Theatre, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.

LIFE IS NO HONORABLE - (Little Theatre, 30 Tel Aviv Ave.) Wednesday at 9 p.m., Thursday at 8.30 p.m., Friday at 8 p.m.

THE KING WESTBROOK BEARS BAND - (Little Theatre, 30 Tel Aviv Ave.) Wednesday at 9 p.m., Thursday at 8.30 p.m., Friday at 8 p.m.

THE MICK WESTBROOK BEARS BAND - (Little Theatre, 30 Tel Aviv Ave.) Wednesday at 9 p.m., Thursday at 8.30 p.m., Friday at 8 p.m.

THE MICK WESTBROOK BEARS BAND - (Little Theatre, 30 Tel Aviv Ave.) Wednesday at 9 p.m., Thursday at 8.30 p.m., Friday at 8 p.m.

THEATRE

PAULA - By Ben Piko, about the absorption of immigrants. **TEL AVIV** - (Little Theatre, 30 Tel Aviv Ave.) Wednesday at 9 p.m., Thursday at 8.30 p.m., Friday at 8 p.m.

THE BURNING MOUNTAINS - All about rubber exploitation. A lot of offstage action. **TEL AVIV** - (Little Theatre, 30 Tel Aviv Ave.) Wednesday at 9 p.m., Thursday at 8.30 p.m., Friday at 8 p.m.

THE FAT FARM - By the Israeli Theatre. **TEL AVIV** - (Little Theatre, 30 Tel Aviv Ave.) Wednesday at 9 p.m., Thursday at 8.30 p.m., Friday at 8 p.m.

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THE FAT FARM - By the Israeli Theatre. **TEL AVIV** - (Little Theatre, 30 Tel Aviv Ave.) Wednesday at 9 p.m., Thursday at 8.30 p.m., Friday at 8 p.m.

MUSIC

REVIEW - (Little Theatre, 30 Tel Aviv Ave.) Wednesday at 9 p.m., Thursday at 8.30 p.m., Friday at 8 p.m.

THE FAT FARM - (Little Theatre, 30 Tel Aviv Ave.) Wednesday at 9 p.m., Thursday at 8.30 p.m., Friday at 8 p.m.

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CHILDREN & YOUTH

THE NEW OODLE - By Paul Golan. (Little Theatre, 30 Tel Aviv Ave.) Wednesday at 9 p.m., Thursday at 8.30 p.m., Friday at 8 p.m.

THE CHILDREN'S THEATRE - (Little Theatre, 30 Tel Aviv Ave.) Wednesday at 9 p.m., Thursday at 8.30 p.m., Friday at 8 p.m.

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OPERA

THE ISRAELI NATIONAL OPERA - (Little Theatre, 30 Tel Aviv Ave.) Wednesday at 9 p.m., Thursday at 8.30 p.m., Friday at 8 p.m.

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THE ISRAELI NATIONAL OPERA - (Little Theatre, 30 Tel Aviv Ave.) Wednesday at 9 p.m., Thursday at 8.30 p.m., Friday at 8 p.m.

DANCE

THE ISRAELI NATIONAL OPERA - (Little Theatre, 30 Tel Aviv Ave.) Wednesday at 9 p.m., Thursday at 8.30 p.m., Friday at 8 p.m.

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Timeless beauty

'I felt I could have been living then, and been one of Solomon's lovers.' That's how Doris Biton described her part in the photographing of an album on 'The Song of Songs' to ROBERT ROSENBERG.

IN THE SMALL restaurant garden, 17-year-old Doris Biton really does look like one of King Solomon's concubines. Her long dark hair shines in the sunlight that slips through the pine trees above her. Her dark eyes flash, and when she smiles, sensuous lips reveal the perfect teeth which the wise and ancient king compared to dancing white sheep.

Doris is one of four women chosen by Persian fashion photographer Michel Teesler to feature in a new photographic book illustrating "The Song of Songs."

One of the shortest books of the Bible, it presents a graphic portrayal of a great love affair, ostensibly between King Solomon and his favourite concubine, allegorically between Israel and God. It would be described by modern poets as Imagist — intensely visual, sensual and at times quite explicit.

When the staff at Media Contemporary Arts, a Tel Aviv establishment that represents several Israeli artists and independently publishes their work, decided to illustrate the biblical text with photographs, they very quickly discovered that "The Song of Songs" meant a lot of different things to different people.

Sasha Harari, the 33-year-old director of Media, described the process of producing the book of photographs as a "forge, through which the ideas of all that were involved — and we had quite a large staff of models, designers, crew people — had to be tempered."

He held a dummy of the book in front of him as he spoke, turning the pages slowly. Each photograph, shot in what Doris Biton called "the most special places in the special places that are here — Sinal, Jerusalem, the Galilee," was accompanied by a caption quoting from the biblical poem.

"Of course we started out thinking it would be erotic," Harari said. "But as we read the poem over and over, and discussed it and read essays on it, we moved to a more esoteric understanding."

"The Song of Songs" is at times confusing — emotions quickly following each other, descriptions mixing images to form an elastic beauty that sets the imagination spinning.

"The book of photographs is also confusing in a way," said Harari. "It starts literally, with the pictures very clearly related to the text. But soon the photographs become only subtle hints to the passage; and by the end of the book, although beauty and sensuality pervade, an esoteric, almost abstract, sense of the text takes over."

IT WAS ONLY by chance that Doris became involved in the production. "They needed some dancers for one of the shots to illustrate the women of Jerusalem, so they came to Bat Dor where I study dance," she said.

"I was coming out of a studio and Michel" — the photographer



Media chose after Israeli photographers turned down the project — "Michel saw me and said, 'yes, her.'"

Harari, Teesler, the models Teesler chose, Aina Sionim (who works as Harari's assistant), and Elzahu Tai, a public relations man who has dreamt of producing such an album for years, discussed "The Song of Songs" for weeks before they began the IL800,000 production.

"We had to avoid kitsch, and we couldn't make this merely a book of erotica," said Harari. "We were trying to come to grips with our roots in this country, express something that is universal, something beautiful. We were trying in a sense to understand ourselves."

"Michel Teesler has had 'Vogue' covers, and he knows his job," said Sionim. "He's making alyia in June — so for him, this was something extra special that he thought out very carefully."

Teesler shot nearly 10,000 colour slides for the album, which in its final form has 120 photographs illustrating some 100 passages from "The Song of Songs."

Teesler and Media chose models who were not professionals, and decided to seek that timeless quality that Doris exudes. Tel Aviv artist Gidi Levi designed the sets, and some of them are exotic indeed.

The guards who assault Solomon's lover are motorcyclists in helmets and black jackets.

Manashe Kadishman, the Israeli avant-garde artist whose tremendous girth and thick grey beard give him a look of wisdom, was photographed to illustrate a passage about kisses as sweet as wine. He holds an enormous glass goblet, which in his meaty hands appears tiny.

Doris, who was born in Morocco, is finishing high school this year. She refused to be photographed in the nude and needed her parents' permission to go to the Sinal for the four days of shooting that involved her.

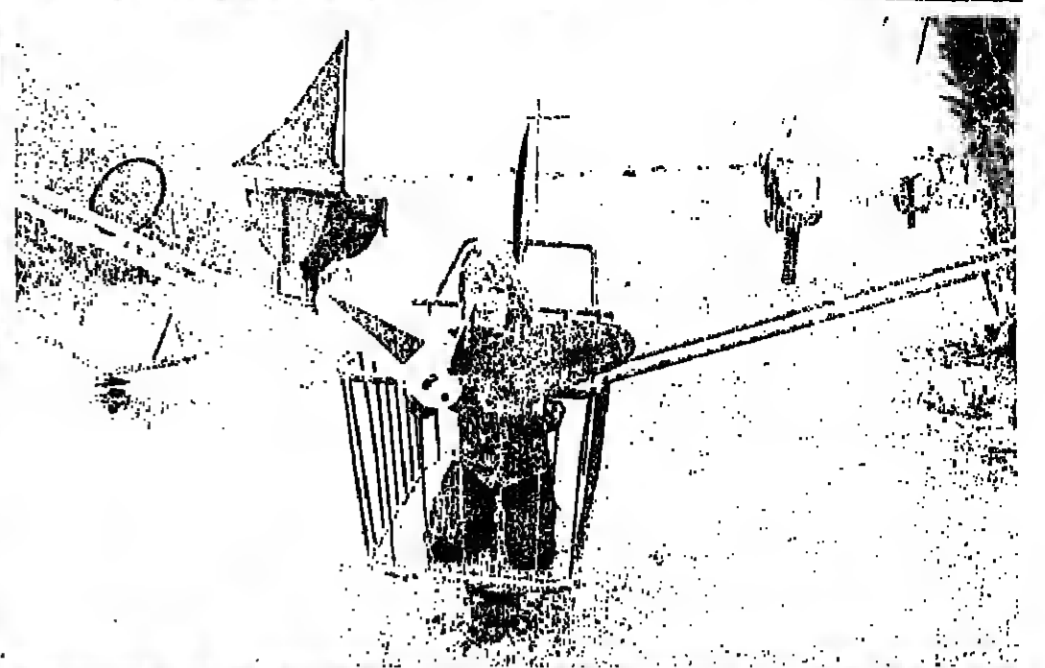
"The Song of Songs" is not taught in school here," she said. Teachers try to avoid discussing the book when precocious pupils ask questions.

"But we all know about it, and even if you aren't religious, or have strong feelings about the Bible, the book, for young Israelis like me, is important. It expresses so much that we know, and does it so beautifully."

"You know, in the Bible, the relations between men and women are always so hard. Either it's 'Be fruitful and multiply,' or it's a lot of rules and regulations about marriage conduct."

"But in 'The Song of Songs,' the relationship between men and women is beautiful, the way it should be, with all the purity and all the feelings that exist."

"There were moments when in the Sinal I forgot that I was Doris Biton, who lives in Ashdod, and leads a normal busy life. While we were in the Sinal, I could have been living then, and been one of Solomon's lovers," she said. □



Playground sculptor

Jonathan Levitas has taken scrap metal, and converted a corner of Kibbutz Revivim into a most unusual playground, writes LORI LEVY.

WHEREAS MOST people at Kibbutz Revivim grow flowers or cucumbers in their gardens, Jonathan Levitas "grows" sculptures.

Rising out of his garden of falcenoes is a strange and varied crop: a rooster, a dog, a snail, a bird catching its prey on a leadstool, and a few unidentifiable creatures. Towering above them all is a bright yellow and orange "kinged eyeslash" — a giant metal ringe sporting a hole for an eye and a rake-like lash.

Jonathan arrived at the Negev Kibbutz — also known as "Golda's Kibbutz" — in 1967 as a volunteer from South Africa. His interest in sculpture developed spontaneously — almost accidentally — a few years later, while making a see-saw for children.

A see-saw works on a scale principle and requires two people to operate it; why not make something with a spring in the middle so that one child could rock himself up and down? With this flash of an idea, he began his hobby of making sculptures for children.

Instead of keeping all his work in a private sculpture garden, Jonathan, a friendly, jolly man of 30, also created a playground next to his apartment.

The playground has grown over the years and now includes a giraffe, a lion, a horse, and a bull. No airplanes, a "yacht," a see-saw, and a merry-go-round that

"moves like an octopus." In accordance with his original idea, these scrap-metal sculptures are almost all mounted on springs. Heroin lies their uniqueness, their innovativeness; springs constitute the base of Jonathan's sculptures and of his creativity.

The difference between the coil spring he uses (from tanks and heavy-duty vehicles) and an ordinary motor-car spring, explains Jonathan, is that the car spring only goes up and down, whereas the coil spring has a 360 degree movement. Children playing on his sculptures, therefore, can rock up and down or from side to side, or swoop and swirl simultaneously.

WHILE HIS sculptures fulfil a need for artistic expression, he is mainly motivated by a desire to please children through his toys, and to keep them amused. "A child likes to be able to move," he says, and to feel at one with the movements of the animal sculpture. "Like an animal move, they move," Jonathan adds. Consequently he prefers mobile, concrete shapes; the few abstract objects he has made are stationary.

All his sculptures are colourful. "Kids prefer bright colours," he claims, and he chooses his spray paints accordingly. There are bright greens, yellows, blues, and

reds, often blended together. The animals in his playground are strong enough, he says, to bear the weight of a 12-year-old child, or up to 40 kilos. (I couldn't resist the bison bull, and can therefore testify that it holds up perfectly under a weight of 50 kilos.)

Once Jonathan has an idea in mind, he raids the junkyards of the kibbutz and of Tel Aviv in search of appropriate parts. But inspiration also works the other way — a scrap of metal may suggest to him the head or body of a particular animal.

ONCE HE HAS collected all the parts for a particular sculpture, he begins welding them together. It takes about a day to make a sculpture, and another day to paint it. Working mainly in the winter months, when it is more comfortable to be outdoors, Jonathan creates whenever an idea comes to him. He averages four or five sculptures a season. But he has nothing against producing on demand. "If people are interested," he says, "they can contact me at the kibbutz. The sculptures would sell for approximately IL1,000 each."

He declares himself capable of producing not only for local needs but also for export. "It's a great thing for a house to have in its garden for kids," he maintains. He should know. □



هكذا من الأصل

ARTHUR HAILEY has overlooked an obvious venue for his repetitive plots. What better title to follow *Airport* and *Hotel* than that of the book under review. Department Store, that is, that formidable institution which turns over millions of dollars to the hum of electronic cash registers.

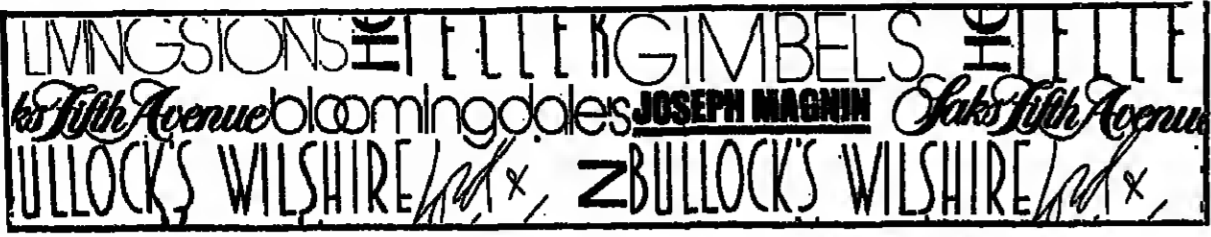
In Hailey's hands, such a book's climb up the bestseller charts would have equalled that of an express elevator going from the store's busy street level to its upper-floor executive offices, where pascionate intrigue is muffled by soft, plush carpets.

This Store, however, is a work of non-fiction. The reader is given much information about various stores, their founders, sales campaigns and what-not. To say that the drama of America's great stores is herein captured in an overstatement. Still, there is a pot-pourri of material of particular interest to American readers who are familiar with these centres of fashion.

Shopping is the true American pastime. From an early age Americans are conditioned to buy. Stores are the shrines of American business, and the names of the great ones have whetted the appetites of millions of people over the years. It should be noted, however, that behind many a glamorous store you will find today the behemoth of financial organization, the conglomerate.

Behind Lord & Taylor, that venerated New York establishment, lurks the anonymous Associated Dry Goods Corporation (which has 87,000 employees and has sold an astounding \$1.5 billion of goods in 1978). The giant Federated Department Stores, Inc. is the financial master of New York's Bloomingdale's (shining light of successful merchandising), Hollywood's famed Bullock's Wilshire and San Francisco's distinguished I. Magnin & Co. among others.

Buyers' & sellers paradise



BUT ENOUGH cooing the fate of individual initiative. After all, today's stores were started by individuals who had the kind of drive and intelligence that resulted in these gigantic commercial creations. When he was in his eighties, F.G. Winnett used to walk through his store, Bullock's, handing out sour balls and chocolate kisses to his employees. They loved him.

"It may sound corny," said a veteran employee, "but I've kept the last candy Mr. Winnett gave me. It's still in its cellophane. Mr. Winnett was a small man in stature. In everything else he was 10 feet tall."

He was a man of extravagant vision. When Bullock's opened in 1929 it was the marvel of its day, the height of fanciful architecture in the service of merchandising. In old age Winnett had to face a bitter, unsuccessful fight against being taken over by Federated Department Stores, who were aided by his son-in-law. He was kept on as an "adviser," which allowed him to walk through the store with a supply of candy.

UNLIKE Winnett, the Korriok brothers, Charles and Abo, had no use at all for fanciness. They were Jewish immigrants who came from Poland at the turn of the century and found their habitat in the Wild West. They must have stood out among the cowboys of Phoenix, Arizona, but they had a knack for selling what the cowboys needed. And they prospered.

STORE by Nan Tillson Birmingham. New York, G.P. Putnam's Sons. 385 pp. \$12.50.

Reuven Rosenfelder

Hard work — push, push — was their motto.

For years, early Saturday morning was the time for staff assemblies. The milder brother, Charles, would invariably end his brief remarks by saying, "And now I would like to introduce my little brother, Abe," who would then proceed with his "sales pitch for the day's specials, with the enthusiasm of a football coach," as a long-time employee recalled.

Not all the legendary commercial figures were founders or owners. Bernice Fitz-Gibbons was a farm girl from Wisconsin who was able to command an unprecedented annual salary of \$80,000 during the 1940s as advertising director of Gimbels, New York. She was a horror to work for, driving her staff until the last ounce of creative energy was extracted from them. But she coined such memorable slogans as Macy's "It's Smart to be Thrifty," and Gimbels' "Nobody, but Nobody, Understands Gimbels."

Not exactly Shakespeare, but then merchandising isn't exactly poetry. But these slogans have stood the test of time.

ADVERTISING, an image and a certain chic are the gateway to

prospered forever. Miesguled management has brought down even popular stores, such as The White House in San Francisco. One mistake they made, maybe not the most important, was that they failed to understand "the mystical power and real profit in cosmetics and perfume, that has turned virtually every main floor of every store into a meke-up parlour and emely paradice. They buried these departments in hard-to-find corners.

BUT THAT'S old-fashioned stuff. This action today is in "now" window displays, of which the author tells us: "With the use of electronics, near porn, surrealism, window displays have become exciting 'street theatre.' They use violence, sex, and fantasy, and touch on heretofore unvisited themes such as murder, suicide and homosexuality... The windows are talked about, stir up controversy, create publicity and draw crowds. They also sell merchandise."

And selling merchandise is what it's all about. Tom Barnett, a manager at Nieman-Marcus stores in Texas, started out in a small new branch 20 years ago. One day the illustrious Stanley Marcus came on an inspection visit.

"He looked around and liked what he saw," Barnett recalled. "But we weren't doing any business and he wanted to know why. I thought of something I heard buyers say on slow days. I said, 'Mr. Stanley, the people are coming in, but they just aren't buying.' He looked at me, and that is when I learned what retailing was. He said 'Tom, until you see them walk in here naked, they're buying their clothes somewhere.'"

So much for ineffectual titbits of American merchandising. As for the book itself, it is hard to criticize, despite the avid name-dropping and the fact that certain sections read like advertising.

liko. And of course Wilde lived out his exile and was buried in France.

If we do not get much new information on Wilde from Jullian, we are at least reminded of some excellent bits of Wildean reports which may have escaped our attention. Thus: "One day he was accosted on his doorstep. 'I've called about the taxes, Sir.' 'Taxes? Why should I pay taxes?' said Oscar. 'But Sir, you are the householder here, are you not? You live and sleep here.' 'Ah, yes, but then you see I sleep so badly.'"

Jullian also must get his due. Perhaps all biographers of Wilde are tempted to the epigram and the elegant turn, but Jullian at least is equipped for the occasion. Hence: "Wilde's care of his body was like that of a mother whose child stood a good chance of winning a baby competition." Or this description of Aubrey Beardsley's drawing for Wilde:

"He is prodigal with roses and garnets, he portrays eaters with the breasts of old women by the light of lilyphallic candles. Dwarves and aives breath whip, of which the lash, comes from an edition of *Vogues* produced in Hall by the Marquis de Sade and Saehor von Masooh; it tears the shoulders of the slaves into black lace."

In all, this is a fine French view of Wilde. The translation is by Violet Wyndam, who gets only passing mention in the introduction.

Biographical repeats



OSCAR WILDE by Paul Ferris. London, Penguin. 446 pp. £1.50.

OSCAR WILDE by Philippe Jullian. London, Paladin. 348 pp. £1.75.

Matthew Nesvisky

...rivers meet, the outlaws cry") took him three weeks to write. Dylan even confessed in a letter: "Or if I did write a line 'My dead upon the orbit of a rose,' I saw that 'dead' did not mean 'dead,' 'orbit' not 'orbit' & 'rose' not 'rose.' Even 'upon' was a syllable too many..."

Of course, the single-minded child cannot flourish in the complex world of the adult. Dylan wrote half of his finished work by the time he was 21. A manuscript page from 1951, two years before he died, tells the rest of the story: a few tentative lines of verse, a few letters of synonyms and rhymes, and an accounting of how much his wife carved him his favourite treat of sugared bread and milk in bed) managed to produce poems of such incredible depth and density. The answer is — with great difficulty, Ferris shows how, with an angry child's enigma-mindfulness (and with a thesaurus always at hand), Thomas would often hone a poem through hundreds of drafts. One opening line ("Through throats where many



and Sullivan operetta. Wilde has also been the subject of two movies, and the Irish actor Michael MacLiammair had a great success with a two-hour stage impersonation called *The Importance of Being Oscar*.

What Jullian's book offers is the French view of Wilde, which means among other things a bemused Gallic glance across the Channel at Victorian repression (Wilde is "martyred" at his trial) and a good deal of Wilde *vis-à-vis* French art theories.

All this is legitimate enough, considering that Wilde spent a great deal of time on French soil, writing some of his more serious works there and hobnobbing with Daudet, Verlaine, Gide and the

growing need for reassertion (it led, in this critical period of his relationship with B-G, to excessive self-pity and often to a loss of a sense of proportion). When he is about to be excluded from the government, Sharrett quotes Mrs. Sharrett: "Nobody imagines that the State will be able to hold out without you."

What matters is that this mass of secondary material tends to obscure the profound issues that brought the two men into collision. It is these issues that constitute the diary's main core and make it the important historical document it is.

Sharrett questioned the very tenets of Ben-Gurion's activist policy and rejected as disastrous the path of "teaching the Arabs a lesson" by escalating retaliatory actions aimed at a military resolution. He was out to block and reverse this "wild" trend and to contain the "lust for fighting," with its corrupting effects.

Sharrett mixes no words in acquiescing the military establishment of manipulating facts, withholding information and falsifying reports in order to justify, or get approval for, retaliatory operations. He was deeply shocked by the cover-up of the Kibya affair, and by the husband of a case involving the killing by paratroopers of five Beduin in an act of personal revenge.

The diary stops abruptly in the middle of a sentence. And over the years he never went back to complete it. The main need was gone. He was not at peace, but the account with Ben-Gurion was "outlived."

Treasure trove

MOISHE SHARRETT was a compulsive writer. He enjoyed the very act of writing, the flavour of words and the quest for precision of expression. He always looked back with nostalgia to his days on Dour, and seemed to find some compensation in the paperwork — memos, reports, letters — he did at the Foreign Ministry, and before that at the Jewish Agency.

Despite its copious, almost daily, entries (many dealing with matters of little import), the extensive digressions and the elaborate descriptive passages, this is by no means a diary kept at leisure. Most of it was written under the extremely heavy pressures of work and great mental strain, very often in the middle of the night when he was on the verge of physical exhaustion. "This diary is shortening father's life," Zipora Sharrett wrote their son. However, he felt "dutybound" and was "imbued with the desire" to go on.

Quits obviously it was a burden, but one which Sharrett clung to with tenacity. He was driven to it by the need to find an outlet for a pent-up feeling of frustration rooted in his inability to express his personality fully and independently. It was the barrier of Ben-Gurion's shadow which he sought to break through.

On the eve of assuming the premiership, following B-G's decision to retire to Sde Boker, Sharrett wrote: "Until now I have been bound and constricted by subservience to the authority of others... It has always been my lot to adjust and accommodate myself." And later, when B-G returned to office: "Again the shadow of another man has been cast upon me. Again it was decreed that I should accommodate myself and oblige."

THE RELATIONSHIP between the two men was as complex as the differences in their characters and conceptions of statecraft and leadership. Indeed, despite their many years of collaboration, one cannot help feeling that, to Sharrett, B-G remained an enigma to the end. Sharrett's attempts to understand the man were not helped by the admiration bordering on reverence he felt for him. It was a protracted and tormenting road on which the admiration moved to ambivalence, resentment and disillusionment and, finally, to open condemnation.

Mixing a conversation with Ehud Avriel, Sharrett notes: "Spent a long hour analysing B-G. Both of us displayed great proficiency in the subject and each of us could have written a doctoral dissertation on it."

And again, in a letter to Akiva Govrin: "Our relationship is excellent in so far as a relationship of true friendship is possible in the circumstances, while that which separates us is rooted in deep and hidden layers of the soul. All this is a subject for psychoanalytical research, which I neither desire nor see much point in."

Yet it was this inability to grasp B-G's personality that was at the root of much of Sharrett's torment and frustration and that kept him so long from realizing the vanity of his attempts to find some common ground with him.

Sharrett became premier in January 1954. Fourteen months later, following the "Lavon Affair," B-G came back to serve as defence minister under Sharrett. And in 1956 Ben-Gurion reassumed the premiership.

When Sharrett was forced out of the government several months later, he was at a loss to com-



YOMAN ISHII משה שרת (Personal Diary) by Moshe Sharrett. Tel Aviv, Ma'ariv Library. 8 vols., 2,512 pp. IL1,400.

Joshua Justman

prehend why Ben-Gurion had asked him to join his cabinet in the first place.

However, Shaul Avigur knew better. As Sharrett relates in a letter to Ben-Gurion: "Shaul was all for your return to the premiership, but was dead set against my continuing to serve under you."

Knowing Ben-Gurion, it was clear to Avigur that a break would be inevitable unless Sharrett accepted B-G's line of policy, which — knowing Sharrett — Avigur had realized would not be the case.

WHETHER OR NOT the diary (which covers the period from October 1953 to November 1957) should have been published in toto is debatable. There is of course merit in the stated intention "to show the man as he was." Yet one wonders:

There would have been no justification in "hiding" Sharrett's weaknesses — the obsessive pedantry, the constant preoccupation with the press, the tendency to pettiness, the minute attention to all matters of protocol that often verged on the grotesque. However, their over-exposure in the diary affords them a warranted centrality, which is further emphasized by Sharrett's

saw this policy as leading to a dangerous impasse and to Israel's growing isolation.

Sharrett agreed that in certain circumstances a retaliatory operation was unavoidable, but warned that such operations "ought be guided by the realization that they will not bring peace closer, but rather make its prospects even more remote."

Sharrett advocated diplomacy, moderation and restraint as the way to win international support and allay Arab suspicions and fears, develop trust, and ultimately bring about Arab acceptance of the State of Israel. Thus when Ben-Gurion was pointing to the dangers posed by the growing Arab — and especially Egyptian — military might and warning that Naasar was preparing for war, Sharrett wrote: "Ons has to seek an answer to the dangers in non-military measures: in raising a new proposal for the solution of the refugee problem, coupled with a courageous offer of compensation, in mending our relations with the powers and in active striving for an understanding with Egypt."

Sharrett kept on his struggle with remarkable tenacity. On two occasions he succeeded in blocking large-scale retaliatory operations which Ben-Gurion brought before the Cabinet for approval. However, he knew that he was fighting a losing battle and that his course was leading to a break with Ben-Gurion, which he vaguely hoped to avert.

The 1956 Sinai Campaign found Sharrett out of the government and on a mission in Asia. It came to him as a profound shock. "We are the aggressor!" — was his onetime entry on the day the news of the war reached him in New Delhi. The jubilation over the great victory left him cold. It was all a terrible blunder. It brought Israel into open conflict with the U.S. (Sharrett viewed with apprehension the tendency towards reliance on France); the collusion with Britain and France ("a broken road") evoked wild condemnation throughout Asia, and above all, the prospects of an accommodation with Egypt were dealt a heavy blow.

Sharrett then realized why Ben-Gurion had ousted him from the Cabinet a few months before: he would have been an obstacle to the campaign. Some time later, Sharrett minutes: "In the midst of taking stock of the gains and losses of this war it is quite obvious to me that I am one of its casualties. As a political man I fell victim to this war and this casualty, too, ought to be counted."

Being out of office after 20 years at the helm, first in the Jewish Agency's Political Department and then in the Foreign Ministry, of which he was the father and moulder, was something Sharrett found hard adjusting to; indeed, it all struck him as unreal.

That it never occurred to him to go into seclusion and that, despite the bitterness he felt towards many of his colleagues, he remained ready to take on any task he was called on to perform, including that of editor of the *Am Oved* publishing house, was proof of his great inner strength and devotion. Nonetheless, the failing that he wasn't doing what he ought to have been doing never left him.

The diary stops abruptly in the middle of a sentence. And over the years he never went back to complete it. The main need was gone. He was not at peace, but the account with Ben-Gurion was "outlived."

HAVE EVENTS over the years vindicated Sharrett's doctrine?

Quite clearly he was right when he stated that "Egypt will not make peace under the impact of a military debacle," and that "the issue of peace between Israel and the Arabs is by no means a matter of submission to force, but one of a complex psychological process involving a change of heart and a changed climate." Yet it would seem an overimplication to assert, as Sharrett does, that "Ben-Gurion does not realize this."

While Sharrett wanted to avert at all cost, Ben-Gurion maintained that the Arabs would not be ready to accept Israel's existence before they were absolutely convinced that they could not destroy the Zionist state. Moreover, as a precondition for a "change of heart" there would have to emerge in Egypt a leader whose overriding concern would be the pressing economic and social needs of his country.

FOR A balanced evaluation one also has to look at the scene which obtained in the early and middle 1950s. The cry from the Arab capitals was for the annihilation of Israel, and it was accompanied by armed attacks across the borders; there was also the threat of an armed march of Palestinian refugees into Israel. Israel was under an austerior regime, with an army that had not developed its muscles, beset by grave economic and social problems and the burden of hundreds of thousands of newly arrived immigrants living in *ma'abarot*.

A strong stand was thus required to instill self-confidence and keep up the morale of the people — on top of the overriding necessity of deterring Arab aggression. In 1956 Soviet arms began flowing into Egypt. At the same time Israel's hopes for American arms — and the prospects of a defence treaty with the U.S., than under discussion — did not materialize; efforts to bring about a meeting between Ben-Gurion and Naasar ended in failure.

Sharrett himself was far from being free of doubts. When, at a meeting, Moshe Dayan, who was Chief of Staff at the time, stressed that if Israel did not keep up its strong retaliatory operations it might be plunged into a state of chaos, Sharrett asked himself: "Can one prove the opposite, that such would not be the case?"

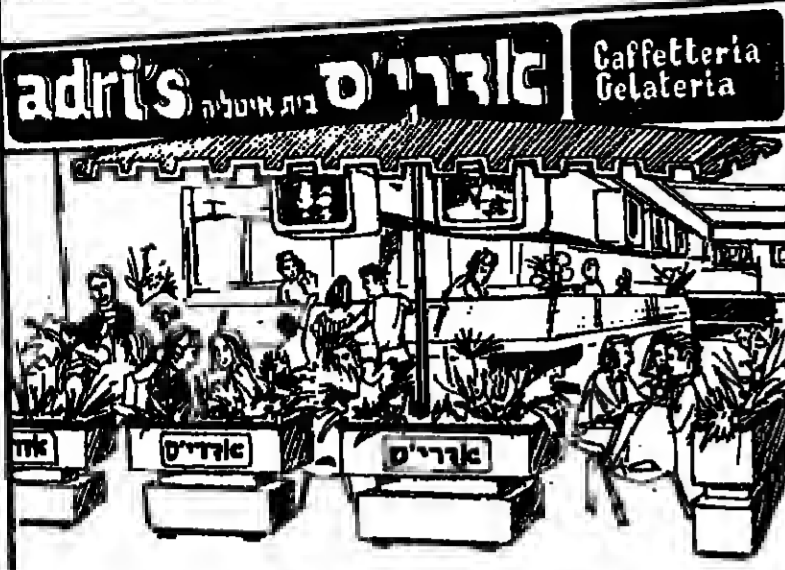
NO SHORT review can adequately convey the panorama of events and figures presented in this unique diary. The reader is given a new insight into the "Lavon Affair"; he is shown the complexities of political negotiations and disputes; he gets a close-range view of the making of a coalition government, with its behind-the-scenes wrangling and "deals"; and he follows the careers of the "men at the top" as they are seen and described by Sharrett with sharpness and frankness.

Standing out above all this is the moral force which dominated Sharrett's personality. He was not a man of extremes, but neither was he a man of compromise when it came to matters of values and conscience. "I... stand before my conscience, the cruel and tyrannical ruler, to whom I am subservient all my life like a willing slave."

This extraordinary diary, besides being a unique human document, is a treasure trove for the student of Israel's contemporary history and invaluable for the understanding of one of its crucial periods.

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The alchemist

HAVING all but sloughed off various insidious stylistic influences—Dylan Thomas, Ivy Compton-Burnett—and the even more insidious influence of the Women's Liberationists (who surely think of themselves in capitals), Fay Weldon, like Yeats, now writes unnumbered. And she has produced a marvellous novel. Like all marvellous novels, it is imperfect and its imperfections add to its charm and its worth, because insofar as it is imperfect it resembles life; it is like you and me.

Praxia the heroine, the you and the me, isn't up to much at the beginning. She is only a pretty little girl being photographed on the beach at Brighton, while her uglier, older, and incomparably cleverer sister disdainfully refuses to participate. But this first glimpse of her affords, too, a glimpse into the squalor and wonder of the future, the sacrifice and the joy, the satisfying solution arrived at quietly at the end.

Praxia is a rich little girl with the soul of a wolf, whose Galatean tendencies early display themselves. She is also half-Jewish and a bastard, but then so is her sister Hypatia, who manages nonetheless to make it through life without bruising her dignity or her reputation.

But Fay Weldon isn't in love with her as she is with Praxia, as she is with one or two others who manage to touch Praxia closely. Out of love, like God tasting Job, Weldon tortures Praxia first in refined and then in increasingly obscene ways. In front of Praxia, her pretty mother Lucy fishwives it out with her common-law husband Benjamin; in front of Praxia, Lucy stumbles out of the bedroom of the photographer we met at the beach; in front of Praxia, now 22 years old, Lucy reviles lesbians and dirty Jews and gutter slime, pointing her finger. In front of Praxia, in fact, Lucy goes mad, a condition that becomes final.

So: a mad mother, a sister who has overnight turned into a swan and the school's prize scholar, a lurking fear that she, Praxia, is debased and unnatural. "Shouldn't we visit Mother?" she asks her sister, 18 and impeccable, after their mother has been taken to a mental hospital. "They don't allow visitors," replies Hypatia, despite the mysterious excursions she herself makes on Sunday afternoons.

FRAXIS by Fay Weldon. London, Hodder and Stoughton. 269 pp. £4.95.

Evelyn Strouse

The girls' names have by this time been changed by their headmistress, Praxia is Patricia, Hypatia to Hilda, a change that bewilders Praxia but only seems to confirm the Hildness—scene of battle—of one who had accepted Hypatia. Praxia, the author tells us, means turning-point, culmination, action, words that limn the spirit, even the demeanour, of the heroine; how can she be at the same time elitist Patricia?

BUT DESPITE this crisis in identity, the novel is no moralistic or philosophic ego-search, any more than is an actual voyage through an actual life. Indeed, less than the usual fiction, in these days of meditation and mantra, is it concerned with self-exploration. Praxia has been felloctiously introduced: she more closely recalls the Brighton sands of her childhood, cleaned, muddled, buffeted, stroked by rushing and receding tides than she does a carefully constructed being of controllable proportions. She is at once a repository for her own and other people's pain and burdens and hatred and a source for lightning and transforming all of these.

ed it. She would say nothing. She would take his guilt upon herself." Blake says that if the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise, and I suppose Praxia, taking all guilt unto herself, becomes innocent. She suffers maelveily; every mistake and miseded is heavily punished; she is bereft of her husbands and her children—the ones she bore and the ones she only mothered—and at the end (although we are warned of this at the beginning) she is jailed for murder.

But she understands about giving up the world in order to find it, and doesn't mind therefore. The young woman whom Praxia has created more surely than the children of her loins—Mary, whom Praxia snatched from the flames of a bursting bomb, who, like herself, is the bastard offspring of a Christian mother and a Jewish father—is made to speak for her.

"I seem to have difficulty," said Praxia, out of nothing, into nowhere, "in actually loving a man... What can I do about it?" "What you're doing," said Mary. "You learn to love the world enough to want to change it."

IT IS IMPORTANT to remember that the name Praxia essentially means action. Again the sea analogy serves: no single wave, higher than the rest, will ever be preserved in its majesty for all to look upon and say Ah, this is the crown and the success; this will last forever. Nothing lasts except the creating and ebbing, the flux and reflux; you learn to love the world and the world rejects you. The miracle is in the action: continuing to love, continuing to rise and fall, continuing to be aware that yesterday's success is today's failure but that tomorrow you can try again.

Praxia is like the tides, the seasons. I am not at all sure whether Fay Weldon, in naming her, had the Goddess Persephone in mind, but so much in the various fertility and death myths connected with Persephone adheres to Praxia that it is difficult not to associate them. Like Persephone snatching the infant Adonis from Aphrodite, Praxia snatches Mary's baby from his mother; like Persephone, Praxia periodically descends into hell—or into the bosom of the earth—to emerge fount, bestowing her bounty upon the world. Whatever her generals, however, Praxia springs warm and identifiable from the conflagrating type, a woman alive, a gift to the reader. □

Brother act

THE NAME N.J. Crisp will ring a bell in the minds of most Israelis as that of the creator of *The Brothers*. These two thrillers prove that he is even more adept at writing about spies and counter-spies, and cops and robbers, than about takeovers in the transport business.

The London Deal is a taut, tenses thriller featuring an unconventional young inspector, Sidney Kenyon, who is framed by some Mafia-like organization, apparently without reason. Despite his brilliant record, or perhaps because of it, he is at once suspended. Fortunately for our Sid, one sergeant is prepared to help him prove his innocence, and all turns out well in the end. But before Sid finds out the truth, he

THE LONDON DEAL by N.J. Crisp. London, Macdonald Raven. 188 pp. £3.95.

THE ODD JOB MAN by N.J. Crisp. London, Futura. 218 pp. £0.80.

Philip Gillon

are taken with him on a series of nail-biting adventures through the seamy and the wealthy parts of London. This has all the pace that *The Brothers* lacked.

The Odd Man Out is George Griffin, an enthusiastic member of the SAS who is thrown out because of a cardinal error—sleeping with the wife of a major

who is a member of the upper, upper classes. So the hero becomes an encyclopaedia salesman, undertaking tough private assignments as his form of the moonlighting in which all modern men must engage. As the story opens, he is busy kidnapping Tauber, a defector from the other side of the Curtain, for a mere £1,000. Unfortunately, George has become a bit of a lush, so he bungles the job somewhat. It turns out that he has chosen a very difficult way to earn a mere £1,000, even if it is tax free, and he sustains numerous beatings and other discomforts before he reaches journey's end. The plot is intricate, most convincing, and very cynical; the characterization is first-class; and the tempo mounts to a crashing crescendo as George discovers the truth about espionage and counter-espionage. In the process, he loses the girl he really loves. A pity. He deserves better. □

Potent paperbacks

CONSUMING paperbacks in quantity provides an insight into the modern novel writing—subjects, styles, tastes, trends. It also shows that neither trade nor talent are wanting. Five recent issues, for instance, are all compelling and contemporary, both in artistic competence and in commercial potency.

Susan Howatch's *The Rich* are Different (Pnn, £1.50) has best-seller quality, and indeed the author already has two best-sellers to her credit. Dealing with the big business of investment banks, the story spreads across several interrelated families and their drive for money and power on both sides of the Atlantic.

Covering 20 years of inner and outer turbulence between 1922 and 1940, it takes in the 1929 crash in the U.S., and the first year of World War II in Britain—up to the Dunkirk rescue—but only as background, though the effects of the crash on the public are described with tremendous vividness.

Other ingredients are the not-so-hidden anti-Semitism among hereditarily wealthy Americans and the rise of Nazism, but the main themes are the passions and pride, the savage commercial competition, the ruthless character clashes and the emotional and physical challenges of the people directly involved.

The story is told chronologically by five successive narrators—a difficult first-person method but triumphantly handled.

NO LESS passionately propulsive and far more stark is André Brink's *Looking on Darkness* (Baotam, £2.50). It goes right to the gut of the colour problem in South Africa—not that of the blacks but those who are the product of centuries of cross-breeding.

A coloured man has murdered a white woman. He is an actor who has relinquished a career in England to work among his people. He writes his recollections in the death cell.

If one knows anything about the life of the coloureds, the story reads not like fiction but like fact. Though the book was originally written five years ago and some restrictions have also been lifted in South Africa, there is about it all the immediacy of truth. It is hamed there and the reader shouldn't have any difficulty in guessing why. The brutality of the police described here is reason

enough. Yet it is not a violent book, nor even an angry one. The picture is of suffering and striving—real, alive, actual.

Looking on Darkness makes novels about miscegenation in other countries look like transparencies.

AS HER WORK is being published in bulk by the New English Library, one can follow Helen Van Slyke's progress as a novel writer, which gives added interest to the three just issued.

Her strongest talent lies in dialogue and each successive novel shows how much better she writes as she increases its use.

The Rich and the Righteous (£1) is the story of a man who controls the world's biggest clothing chain, and his family and associates—another big-business drama. Large footage is lavished on all the characters, their thoughts and behaviour. The story hardly travels on its own. It is pushed and manoeuvred. There's a Jew in the huge cast—a stereotype—sensitive, brilliant and honourable, making his righteous Christian boss feel guilty for wishing he wasn't Jewish. The author seems to know the American upper-middle class well; but the narrative has its longeurs.

By the time of writing her next book, *The Rest People*, (80p.), Helen Van Slyke apparently realized that dialogue is her best asset. She uses it profusely, and though the plot is still thin—about the lengths an advertising agency will go to get an \$8m. contract—the characters are more interesting, the story is improved with a sub-plot about racial discrimination against Jews in the housing field, the pace is brisk and there are some surprises.

The Mixed Blessing (£1) is the best of the three. It is the story of a lovely mulatto girl whose black father and white mother had an idyllic marriage. Being olive-skinned she has only the problem of whether or not to recognize herself as white.

Rather over-sentimentally written and somewhat prone to coincidence and accident, the story nevertheless moves well. The balance between dialogue and narrative is skilfully maintained and the problem is dealt with in individual terms. This makes for good reading material—light despite the subject, with a bappy-svr-after ending. □

DORA SOWDEN


Pins and ...

EYE OF THE NEEDLE by Ken Follet, New York, Arbor House. 307 pp. \$3.95.

Nadel approaches the rendezvous, tension rises and Churchill himself gets on the M15 hot line urging action. Hitler, meanwhile pacing up and down in his Bavarian retreat, brusquely puts off his generals until his trusted spy reports in.

Based on fact, this fanciful spy thriller—the first novel of a former London journalist—though certainly not up to Le Carré as claimed in the blurbs, is neatly written, fast and a tantalizing version of how D-Day might have been botched. To complicate motivations, a love interest is thrown in, generously crediting women with manly logic against daring skill. As *Die*

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Spring in Jerusalem festival 1979

"LA MAMA" THEATRE FROM NEW YORK IN THREE GREEK TRAGEDIES AT THE CITADEL — DAVID'S TOWER

MEDEA
MAY 5, 12 AT 7 P.M.

ELECTRA
MIRACLE INSPIRED BY SOPHOCLES
MAY 6, 17 SUN.-THUR. AT 5.30 P.M.

TROJAN WOMEN
OPERA EPIC INSPIRED BY EURIPIDES
MAY 6, 17 SUN.-THUR. AT 7.15 P.M.

ELECTRA AND TROJAN WOMEN COULD BE ATTENDED IN ONE EVENING

TICKETS: AT THE JERUSALEM THEATRE (067167) AND TICKET AGENCIES, IN TEL-AVIV: UNION, ROCOCO AND HADIRAN

Israel Theatres

The Cameri Theatre
CHAPTER TWO
Tomorrow, May 5, Sun., May 6
SUBBER MERCHANTS — (Teatva)
Tomorrow, May 5, 7.30, 10.15 p.m.
PAULA
May 6 — Dimona
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT JENNIE?
May 5, 6, 4.30, 8.30 p.m.

Habima
WEDDING EVE
Tomorrow, May 5, Sat., May 12
LIKE A LONE BIRD ON A ROOF
Tomorrow, May 5, Sun., May 6, Mon., May 7
MARRIAGE GAMBIT
May 5, 7
ALCOHOLIC SOUND
Bimartel
Tomorrow, May 5, Mon., May 7

Beer-Sheva Municipal Theatre
THE SUBJECT IS ROSES
Tomorrow, May 5, Mon., May 7, Tues., May 8
THE SHADOW
May 5
SPRING'S AWAKENING
Wed., May 9, series 9
I SLAUGHTERED MY AUNT
May 9, series 9

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סדרה מן האל

Excitement of the sixties

Gil Goldfine

WHEN the Tel Aviv Museum dedicated its new building several years ago even its boldest admirers criticized the imposing structure as an institution without the means to assemble or support a first rate modern and contemporary collection.

Marc Scheps, the museum's new active director, wisely embarked on a programme to organize comprehensive exhibits of local artists and once or twice a year arrange for broad-based, quality, loan shows from abroad as supportive nourishment. One can remember shows like "Drawing Now," "Gold of Peru," "Anthony Caro Table Sculptures" and "Constructivist Art."

Maintaining its excellent track record, the Museum has inaugurated no less than four new exhibits this week. The galleries have been reshuffled for the occasion, resulting in a pleasant and logical new installation of the permanent Israeli collection.

The Ludwig Collection

GREETING the visitor on the ramp to the Zacks Hall is a three-metre high decorative sculpture by Niki de St. Phalle, "Black Nana," a zany piece symbolizing the vitality of the main show: "Art of the Sixties: Europe and the United States," from the Ludwig Collection, Cologne.

During the late '50s and early '60s Peter Ludwig, a manufacturer from Aachen, assembled one of the world's finest collections of American and English Pop art. His holdings were subsequently expanded to include the leading contemporary painters and sculptors. The collection eventually became the cornerstone of the Ludwig Museum in Cologne.

At the request of Scheps and with the assistance of the Federal Republic of Germany, 76 major works from the Ludwig Museum have been brought here. "Art of the Sixties" is a marvellous cross-section of names and schools exemplifying all the excitement and change that occurred in the '60s.

The Ludwig Collection's first section deals with the essential styles of Pop art shown in paintings, objects and mixed-media works by the Americans Warhol, Wesselman, Dine, Rosenquist, Segal, Johns, Lichtenstein and a colossal Rauchenberg; and their English counterparts Blake, Hoekney, Hamilton and Kitaj.

The area devoted to European Nouveau Réalisme begins with large, blue monochrome paintings by the school's guru, the late Yves Klein and continues with Tinguely's kinetic "run" machines, mystic pieces by Arman and Joseph Bauby; and works by Vostell, Christo and Cesar.

Along with Pop and New Realism the '60s saw the saplings of conceptual and minimal art break through the surface. These trends, which flourished internationally in the '70s, are introduced to us in this exhibit with splendid, singular pieces by Judd, Arakawa, Fontana, Kosuth, Becker, Filliou, LeWitt; and a mammoth Stella.

Beyond the perimeters of these extended styles, in which many artists reacted to their environment in a parallel "visual" fashion, there were those individuals who maintained a unique identity despite the onslaught of group "vibes." In this category the exhibit contains work by Aiechinsky, Dubuffet, Bacon, Twombly, Baseltz, Penck, Pistoletto and metaphysically inspired canvases by the late Domenico Gnoli.

It is not everyday that a collection of this stature is brought to Israel. "Art of the Sixties" will be here for three months and should not be missed — and take the kids along.

Rubinstein — Adir Bequest

THE late Maria Rubinstein-Bornard Adir has bequeathed her entire art collection to the Tel Aviv Museum. Of the 80 pieces received, 25 paintings, drawings, watercolours and sculptures from the second quarter of the 20th century, mostly the French school, are on show. They have been hung together with a view to integrating them into the Museum's permanent hall of Impressionist and post-Impressionist art.

The highlights of the bequest are seven Pissos: an important oil from 1954, three drawings and three bronze maquettes. Complementing is an elegant Matisse pen-and-ink drawing that hangs between a Jandud Dufy sketch and a Signac watercolour. Two bronze sculptures by the important master Julio Gonzalez are great assets and are the only works by the artist in Israel.

The Museum is fortunate to receive its first very own Matisse and additional works by Max Ernst, Dalí, Miró, Max Jacobs and Chagall.

Photography: New Acquisitions TO OFFICIALLY inaugurate the Museum's Department of Photography, its Curator, Micha Bar Am, has acquired representative works by 17 Israeli photographers.

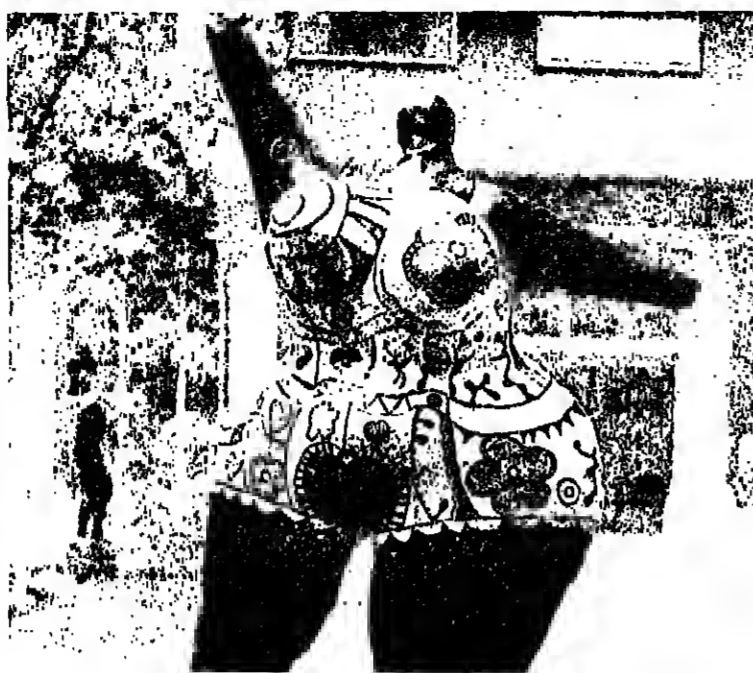
The 70-odd prints currently on view will form the basis of the Department's holdings. They project an honest appraisal of contemporary photography with good examples of hard fact realism, romanticism, abstraction, reportage and conceptual time studies. Bar Am has made his selection on the basis of sound artistic points of view and print quality.

Exceptional items are by Dalia Amotz-Weisaleib, Yirmiyahu Zanaton, Yosef Cohen, David Mastro, Yigal Shem Tov and Gabriel Palti.

New Miro

AS A topping to all these rich morsels, the Tel Aviv Museum has received three gifts which have also been placed in the galleries this week. A splendid Miro was donated by Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Metz to the American Israeli Cultural Foundation; a Bernard Lugnbuhl kinetic sculpture was donated by A. M. Loeb of Bern; and a "Signal" sculpture by Taki is a gift of Ayala Zacks-Abramov.

All these new works and new installations will be on view at the Museum, 88 King Saul Blvd., for three months. □



Niki de St. Phalle: sculpture, detail, "Black Nana" (from the Ludwig Collection at the Tel Aviv Museum).



Roy Lichtenstein: painting, "M-Maybe" (Ludwig Collection).



Pablo Picasso: painting, "Torso" (from the Bernard-Adir Bequest to the Tel Aviv Museum).

Desert bloom

ANNA ANDERSCH MARCUS goes from strength to strength. Her newest mixed-media and gouache renditions of the Dead Sea, Negev and Sinai are marvellously well constructed, geometry that manages to project the contrasting architecture of rock and water, while the colour itself stops short of the illustrative and hews with both vibrancy and stillness. The colour harmonies are first class and consistent in character. Few figurative artists here have managed to grapple with the desert landscapes as successfully as this German-born artist. However the several oils on show do not come anywhere near the achievements of the other works; it is a medium this artist can now afford to drop. (Nora Gallery, Matman 9, J'lem). Till May 21.

"FIBERWORKS" is a disappointing collection of disparate weavings, tapestries, bolita, wax resists etc., by some 20 Israeli and non-Israeli. Much of it is simply decorative, a lot of it dreadful kitsch, or stunts from real artists. There are two harmonious appliques of a roed and landscape by Leailo Wayne; and the largest of Alexandra Zaid's batiks is very pleasant. Annette Fein's mazuzot are highly original, but too sweet for my taste. One of Linda Neevinsky's stained glass shows potential. (Jerusalem Theatre Gallery for New Artists). Till May 6. □

MEIR RONNEN

Mixed bag

KOKA LAPIDOT shows paintings; TUVIA JUSTER shows sculptures. Lapidot's oils are hard-edge, very smooth canvases in colours cutting her needs more than actually, e.g. the continual blue for background, sky and sometimes the human body. The most polished works are the female nudes and semi-nudes, where volume, axle and calculated proportions lead to a detachment, removing them to a degree from the surface.

Despite careful lay-out, Juster's sculptures, in several media and styles, realist and otherwise, overwhelm in relation to the space at their disposal here. The viewer should therefore concentrate on the pieces in wood which express the artist at his most complete. There is a veridically seen in its earliest and simplest form in his well-known, slenderly tapering "Prayer" (2). He achieves complexity by constructing an item through ramp-like spirals, e.g. the cubist veiled woman of "Song of Dogress" (46); and the massive abstract "Outcry" (44) whose apex protrudes in a pointed motif jutting up from within the spirals. A fairly opposite — and evidently new — approach provides the solid blocks of three "Altars", each partly split downwards by different kinds of knits, the most imposing being "The numbered bar" (41), on the walls are most successful when, realist or abstract, their motifs are separated by adequate space. (Bett Chagall, Haifa). Till May 8. □

TAMAR DUBROVNYKY'S "Sky and Earth" (including the sea) is a good exhibition of oils; a coolly organised palette of blues, greens, pinks and reds, as if tempered by a slight breeze. These works seize on essentials without minimalism and the subject is brought near the surface without reducing distance ("The Boy," 8). A few items demonstrate a hint of abstract tendencies. (The Auditorium Haifa).

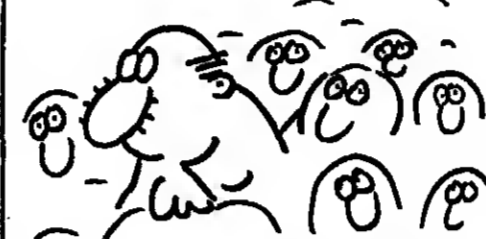
EL HARRIS

PNINA RAKOTCH's first one-man show of mixed media is quite creditable. Here is a pleasant, limited palette, which has the effect of giving full importance to drawing. At its best it divides the motifs of "Trees" (and similar pieces under different titles) into planes. The method avoids crowding and the impression of perhaps unwarranted abstraction in the more brightly coloured collages which, however, include the freely composed, and clearly figurative, "Illusion". (Hogefen Gallery, Haifa). Till May 8.

The Weekend Dry Bones

YES FRIENDS, SHULDIG WENT BACK TO THE STATES FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FIVE AND A HALF YEARS AND HE FOUND THAT...

YOU KNOW YOU'VE BEEN AWAY TOO LONG WHEN YOU GO BACK AND...



YOU GO TO THE MOVIES AND YOU WALK OUT DURING THE CLOSING CREDITS.



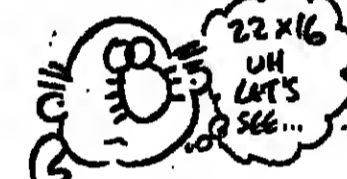
YOU FIND YOURSELF ARGUING IN FAVOR OF GOVERNMENT POLICY YOU OPPOSE.



YOU ASK PEOPLE HOW MUCH THEY MAKE.



THE PASTRAMI DOESN'T TASTE AS GOOD AS YOU REMEMBER IT.



YOU CONVERT PRICES INTO "REAL" MONEY.



YOU LOOK UP AT THE TALL BUILDINGS.



YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO SMOKES.



PEOPLE THINK YOU'RE RUDE.

YOU TALK TO YOUR OLD FRIENDS ABOUT ISRAEL AND THEY REFER TO YOU AS "YOU PEOPLE".

YOU PLAN HOW TO SMUGGLE STUFF BACK.

ILL STRAP THE TV TO MY WAIST.



WHEN NOBODY UNDERSTANDS YOUR ENGLISH EXCEPT THE CAB DRIVER.

SO I DECIDED TO DAFKA TO...

YOU GET HOMESICK AFTER A COUPLE OF WEEKS.



WHEN YOU WANT TO SEE A FILM

AND YOU LOOK IN THE PAPER

TO SEE WHAT'S PLAYING

AND YOU HAVEN'T HEARD OF

ANY OF THEM...

CAUSE THEY'RE ALL TOO NEW.

הכרזה מן האסל